



Constipated Children Gladly Take "California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other. "Fig Syrup."

USQUEPAUGH

School began Monday after a week vacation. Edward C. Kenyon returned home on Saturday, after a week spent with his uncle, Amos H. Kenyon, of Providence. Dr. Kenyon spent Monday in Providence. The supper in the vestry Friday evening was very well attended. Rev.

FOR BRONCHITIS

A Coal Miner Thinks There is No Remedy Like Vinol. Belleville, Ill.—"I am a coal miner. I doctored for months for a chronic case of bronchitis with a terrible cough, sore chest, throat and lungs, so I could not work. I could get no relief until I tried Vinol. It stopped my cough and built up my strength and I feel better in every way." Andrew J. Gray. It is the healing, tissue building properties of fresh cods livers, aided by the strengthening blood building elements of tonic iron contained in Vinol which makes it so successful in overcoming chronic cough, colds, and bronchitis. Broadway Pharmacy, G. G. Engler, Prop., Norwich, Vinol is sold in Willimantic by the Wilson Drug Co.; in Danielson by the A. W. Williams Pharmacy, and in Putnam by J. P. Donahue, and druggists everywhere.

Counterfeiter Caught! The New York health authorities had a Brooklyn manufacturer sentenced to the penitentiary for selling throughout the United States millions of "Talcum powder" tablets as Aspirin Tablets.

Aspirin "DON'TS"

Don't ask for Aspirin Tablets—say "Bayer!" Don't buy Aspirin in a pill box! Get Bayer package! Don't forget that the "Bayer Cross" is your only protection against dangerous counterfeits.



Don't fail to say to druggist: "I want 'Bayer Tablets of Aspirin' in a Bayer package." The genuine! Buy only the regular Bayer package with the safety "Bayer Cross" upon it and on each tablet inside.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

The genuine American owned "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions for Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Colds, Grippe, Influenza Colds, Joint Pains, Neuritis. Proper dosage on every "Bayer" package.

Boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24—Bottles of 100—Also Capsules. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer-Manufacture of Monaciacidester of Salicylicacid

WHO IS WHO BACKWARD?

MONK NOX OD DO YOU KNOW THE STORE THAT SELLS FOR LESS?

If you do not know, get busy and look for the Store that sells LADIES' BURSON HOSE, first quality, for 24c, and many other such bargains, in ready-to-wear apparel, for Women and Children.

If it's a COAT, CAPE OR DRESS you want, see our low prices before you buy.

3 STORES — EUROPE? NOT YET. Norwich, Danielson and Willimantic



THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

CROOKED VIEWS OF SIMPLE PROBLEMS

Written Specially for The Bulletin. I've been reading, within the last few days, a number of stories illustrating the attitude of the mind of the people of some of the larger cities from the farmers of the country. One New York city woman is quoted as having actually figured that her milk costs her 18 cents a quart, and as she has heard of a cow which gave 30 quarts of milk a day, and as she had also heard the "lots of farmers" keep 40 cows, therefore and accordingly the price of a farmer made a profit of \$78,840 a year, which she considered "perfectly scandalous."

She didn't know—or care—that a cow which may perhaps give 30 quarts of milk a day when fresh gives less and less each week thereafter until at last she "dries" and gives none at all for a good many weeks. And that a cow which averages as high as 20 quarts a day for the whole 365 of the year is well above the ordinary.

That same New York city woman used to pay 15 or 18 cents for a yard ofingham, the same she will be charged 75 cents a yard for now. And that is simply typical of the increases in all her wearing apparel prices. Are the farmers to blame for that, too? She and her fellow city dwellers might just as sensibly say so.

I recall a single case at this writing out of scores which I have forgotten. One such hauled up her auto at the farm gate and when I had obeyed the somewhat impetuous order of her horn and had reached the side of her car, demanded with noticeable asperity if I had any new potatoes. I had, and so answered, the farmer leaped back in her luxuriously upholstered seat with a faint sigh, and said: "Oh, dear, I'm so glad to find somebody who's got something. Some of the farmers anywhere around Danbury, I have got any new potatoes yet, and they're all trying to make me believe that it's the weather that 'spurs' them! They're always complaining because it's so wet or so dry or so hot or so cold that the stuff won't grow. I don't believe a word of it!"

It had been a cold, backward season. Potatoes, like most other crops, had been retarded. I had that spring started a bushel or two of potato seed in sand, so that at planting time they had finely developed green sprouts. By a lucky chance, I had chosen some unusually dry and "leachy" soil for them. This just fitted the wet, sour season, which eventuated. The result of these two things, one involving a good deal of extra work and "putter" in planting and the other involving simply a bit of luck, I had a few early potatoes fit to dig before others had retained their green tinge.

My customer, at that time a perfect stranger to me, asked the price of a peck. I told her. Her eyes fairly bulged out of their sockets. "Why," she gasped, "I can buy Bermuda in the city for that!" To which I responded, somewhat testily, that my potatoes were naturally better than any Bermuda potato ever was; that they were fresher from the dirt by at least a fortnight; that they had a lot of extra work in forcing them forward; that by her own admission, they were the only native new potatoes to be had in the whole countryside; and that if I couldn't get pay for extra work and unusual luck, there was no use in doing extra work or having unusual luck.

I guess she must have been expecting a big party of guests, for she finally took a bushel—at four times the price of a peck—and buzzed off. Doubtless, from that time to this, I have remained in her memory another outstanding instance of the colossal greed of the farmer man.

But what's the use of multiplying illustrations of what we all know? From the day when an English poet wrote the rivalries of "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse" there has been a constant misunderstanding or failure of understanding between the two sorts of people, those who live in cities and those who live on farms. Neither party to the quarrel seems to comprehend or appreciate the difficulties which make life a problem to the other. Moreover, with strange perversity, each party seeks to hold the other responsible for its own infelicities. You remember that Adam blamed the famous apple business on Eve. And Eve blamed it on the serpent. And the serpent blamed it on Satan. And Satan, I have small doubt, if full records were available, would be found to have blamed it on somebody else! We none of us seem willing to accept the responsibility for our own miseries, but are eager to lay them on the back of some scapegoat. Having done which, we convict and condemn the poor critter and devote 365 of the year to his wilderness.

Just at present, it would appear that we farmers are the scapegoats of residents in the big cities. All high prices are blamed on us. The dictionaries are ransacked in broad terms of reproach fitting our shameless extortions. "Contrariwise," we farmers are inclined to blame our troubles on the equally outrageous wages paid by city munitions plants, etc. which have attracted labor away from the country. It is so scarce and so high that we can't afford to raise even planning units we can get double or triple price for them!

And so it goes. The pot is very contemptuous because the kettle is black. As it was in the beginning, so it is now. Only it seems to be getting worse every day, instead of better. That's what makes the outlook gloomy. Where are we going to fetch up if the present antagonism continues to grow in bitterness and unreason? Or argument or explanation is going to do you wish you knew? I do.

One thing, at least, may be assumed. That is that no amount of preaching reverse the tide. It is going to keep on flooding until it reaches the crest predestined for it. Whether it will swell to its limit with no worse results than a deal of crashing on the shingle and of grumbling in the undertow; or whether it will culminate in some disastrous tidal wave, sweeping away in one cruel hour the dykes and seawalls of the centuries' building—all this is in the lap of the gods. We shall know when we know and not before.

That we're looked for a tremendous radical readjustment of old usages and customs seems more than probable. Including, among other things, the relations between producers and consumers.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new, And God thinneth Himself in many ways. Least one good custom should corrupt the world."

So it always has been. So, without doubt, it always will be. Let us hope that the changes may have in it nothing of the ferocity which marked the changes wrought by the steam engine before a northwest wind. But one might as well ask for some scheme to make the Golden Rule the universal law of life.

In the meantime, the only thing for us farmers, apparently, is to sit tight, keep the middle of the road, and do our duty, regardless of whether the doing it meets with approval from our critics or not.

With a sigh for those who love us, And a smile for those who hate us, And what we've got to give us, With a heart for any fate."

THE FARMER.

WAUREGAN

Miss Helen Atwood is gaining steadily after an operation for appendicitis at the Memorial hospital in Worcester. Leon Mercier, who is with the hospital corps at Spartansburg, S. C. is at his home for ten days' furlough. Mr. and Mrs. George Warden and little daughter, Janice, of New Bedford, spent the week end here with relatives.

Lawrence and Arthur Ferguson of Suffield School, spent their Easter vacation with their aunt, Mrs. F. T. Johnson. The Easter service at the church on Sunday morning was well attended. Special music was given by the vested choir. The quartet, Christ is Risen (by Parks), was sung by Mrs. Gertrude Tracy, Miss Olive Johnson, Mrs. H. K. Loring and Mrs. Holt. The church was decorated with potted plants, green and white, laurel, and the cross of green with Easter lilies. Mrs. James Boyd was in charge of the decorations.

The vespers service was of special interest. A double trio for women's voices was sung by members of the choir and was much enjoyed, also a duet, The Hill of Calvary, by Lansing, sung by Mrs. Gertrude Tracy and Mrs. Benj. Pepler. The pastor gave a short sermon at this service. J. Arthur Leach of Arctic, R. I., assisted the choir Sunday morning. E. Avery moved his household goods from Arctic, R. I., Wednesday and will reside in the tenement vacated by Mrs. H. Pepler. Mr. Avery is the new master mechanic for the Wauregan Co.

Miss Grace Johnson of Washington, D. C. visited his cousin, F. L. Johnson, Wednesday, the 22nd. John T. Smith spent the week end with friends in Providence and New Bedford.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lamb were the guests of their son, Frank Lamb in Providence over Easter. Arthur H. Culliver of New Haven was at F. T. Johnson's Sunday.

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WE want you to try today —don't delay!—a box of Helmar Turkish Cigarettes.

Smoke half of them — if you're not more than delighted, return the balance to the manufacturer and get all your money back.

We make this offer boldly — because Helmar is 100% Pure Turkish!

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